

# The Bloomfield Citizen.

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The Bloomfield Citizen.  
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## DEADLY PROSPECT HOLES.

Some of the Dangers Attending Traveling in the Sierras.

As one approaches the tall rising slopes of the Sierras in California, the more especially that portion extending from Nevada county on the north, through Placer, El Dorado, Calaveras and Mariposa counties, on the south, certain signs and indications are met with the landmarks, so to speak, of the processions of 49.

I rode pretty much all through that country on horseback some years ago, and came near losing my life in a number of these "landmarks," which have proved fatal to many others before and yet remain a constant source of danger to the unwary traveler in that region.

I refer now more particularly to that part of El Dorado county lying within or near the fifty miles of Placerville or Hangtown, as it was called in the Argonaut days. Here is where the greatest mesh of the gold diggings took place. The creeks and mountain streams all about contained rich deposits of gold, and the gold miners fairly swarmed over this portion of the country.

When the yield of the river beds was exhausted the miners began sinking prospect holes. These varied in depth from ten to one hundred feet. Sometimes when "dry gravel" was struck great streams of water would burst into play, cutting wide chasms into the hill sides, washing away mountains thousands. These claims, when abandoned and afterward covered with a growth of underbrush, rendered it dangerous to travel in their vicinity at night for fear of falling into one of these artificial precipices, which could not be seen until the very brink was reached.

The prospect holes, however, are another matter. These are met with everywhere in the region I have described, often not more than ten feet apart, and rarely more than five feet in diameter. Owing to the growth of underbrush, veritable pitfalls and traps.

Many a man has started out on a prospecting tour and tumbled headlong into one of these pits, never to hear from again. Wild animals of all kinds also made the victims of these deadly prospect holes.

My first experience in this regard taught me a valuable lesson that I will never forget. I was walking through the hills one day with a wife, when I started up one of the hog holes that are pretty thick in that country. I made up my mind that Mr. Hog would be my meat, as these animals are very good eating, and so I started in chase.

Owing to the trees I couldn't get a good shot.

Well, I chased that hog for a long time, and, to my astonishment, he suddenly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. I couldn't make it out at all, so I rushed to the spot as quick as I could.

The first thing I knew I felt the ground give way beneath my feet, and by some happy accident I was barely prevented from falling into a hole which, as I afterward ascertained, was about six feet deep. I managed to clutched hold of a projecting bush in the nick of time or I should have caught that hog with a vengeance.

The hog is probably there yet.

The hole certainly is, anyhow, and if any one contemplates a trip through that section of the country it would be well for him to bear these facts in mind.—New-York Herald.

A Dangerous Drug.

If one-half of what the doctors are saying all over the country is true, there may soon be a greater need of a temperance reform among the women than there has ever been among the men.

Strong drink, however, is not the monster by which the women may be enslaved, but a strong and poisonous drug equally baneful in its effect.

This drug is antipyrine, a quinoline name for it is hydroxyquinoline.

It is rather strong and could not be easily pronounced by ladies who are not orthographical experts, it has been called simple antipyretic, and appears as such in the medical books.

It is a white powder slightly bitter and soluble in water. Until about a year ago it was prescribed for fevers only, but a French medical college recommended it for headaches and other pains and disorders, and in this way it has gained its grasp on so many thoughtless and nervous women.

In Chicago and many other places it is said that the habit is gaining with alarming rapidity, for the women take it for every ill, and cannot believe that its soothing effect can have any evil result until the habit is thoroughly fixed upon them.

It produces certain results under different circumstances, and like the other preparations, varies according to the size of the dose.

In large doses it has been known to produce complete relaxation and at the same time a loss of reflex action and death. In moderate or tonic doses it often produces convulsions. Its effect as a stimulant seems to be very much like that of quinine, and the physicians say that they do not understand why it should get the hold on women that it does.—Boston Courier.

The Gambo Mills Explosion.

The story of the Gambo powder mill is one of the most terrible in Maine's history. Only one person who went to the full appreciate its horrors, and that is Mr. Clinton H. Hooper, who enjoys the unique distinction of having passed through a number of explosions.

He is an old man now and totally blind. He knows the suffering caused by the loss of friends in this way, too, as his son was killed in the same mill a few years after his own dreadful experience. He gives The Express the following account of an explosion, as seen from the inside:

"The first thing I saw was a small, blinding flash, which instantly grew brighter, and I jumped to get out of the way. I had the presence of mind to fall flat on the floor of the mill. Then the horrible, deafening report came, and pieces of machinery, iron and sticks of timber passed over my head. Luckily I was not struck by the missiles, but I was terribly burned by the powder, and the concussion shook me up inside. I lay on my bed

for months, and you can see how I am now."

One other man came out of a wreck apparently unhurt. The blow knocked him from his feet, but he walked up the road and told some men he met about the accident. He was laughing and congratulating himself on his escape, when it was discovered that his skin on the bottom of his feet had gone with his shoes, and a few minutes later he fell dead from the effects of the concussion.—Portland (Me.) Express.

Policemen of America.

An Englishman sends to an English newspaper the following remarks in a vexed international question: "An American says 'sir' five hundred times where an Englishman says 'what'? Why? This is an Americanism, so far as peculiar to Americans, but really nothing more than a survival of old fashioned English courtesy. Dr. Johnson, even in addressing his intimate, 'Sir,' continually repeated 'sir.'

It is more polite to a man on the right side through the courtesy than to address our acquaintances like dogs. We owe gratitude to Americans for setting us a good example, here, at least, as some compensation for the blow played with our language in other respects." This observation is not only acute but accurate. Educated Englishmen in the last century addressed their friends and superiors as "sir," nearly if not quite as often as "what?" To-day, in England this form of address is now seldom used, except toward superiors, seniors, or total strangers, or else in an ironical sense toward one regarded as an inferior who has incurred the speaker's displeasure.—San Francisco Examiner.

The English and the Asiatic.

In dealing with Asiatic Asiatics, the Englishman must necessarily at every stage decide a decided advantage the thoroughly European English and John Bull, when compelled by circumstantial evidence of discreditable or, what is deemed to be, unEnglish, always goes to work to do it tactfully, and to let the English know that he can do it better.

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Many Beautiful Women.

The women of Arles, France, are renowned for their beauty, which is of a particular type. It is a remarkable proof of this that the entire community in an old nation like that one inconsiderable city should be known throughout the world.

Women of Arles are not only beautiful, but they are also made the victims of these deadly prospect holes.

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A New Fad.

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The Indian Corn.

In regard to the selection of a national flower, such as it is needless to say, we command.

I was much pleased with the selection of the Indian corn, not only from its waving beauty, but also because it has been used in the early years of our commonwealth as a significant emblem of the United States. Thomas Jefferson, as is well known, designed the pillars of the national Capitol at Washington, which ornament the entrance to the building, and the shafts bear the motto, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem." The columns are Corinthian in character, the shafts being carved to represent the stalks of the maize, banded together, while the ripened ears form the capital of the column. The good taste, refinement and culture of our third president and the framers of our constitution should, I think, render Mr. Jefferson's endorsement of this plant, influential with the florists' convention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



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The ANNUAL MEETING of this Com-  
pany for the election of Directors, and

for other business, will be held at the office,

on Liberty Street, corner of State Street,

On Monday, January 14th, 1889.

At two (2) o'clock P. M.

T. C. DODD, Secretary.

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